’51

Buxton School

1951

Stone Hill
Williamstown, Massachusetts

Dedication

To Maria and Giovanni

Who give and not ask, who are human enough
to take us as we are, and perceptive
enough to know us for what we
are, we dedicate this
Yearbook.

FACULTY PICTURE

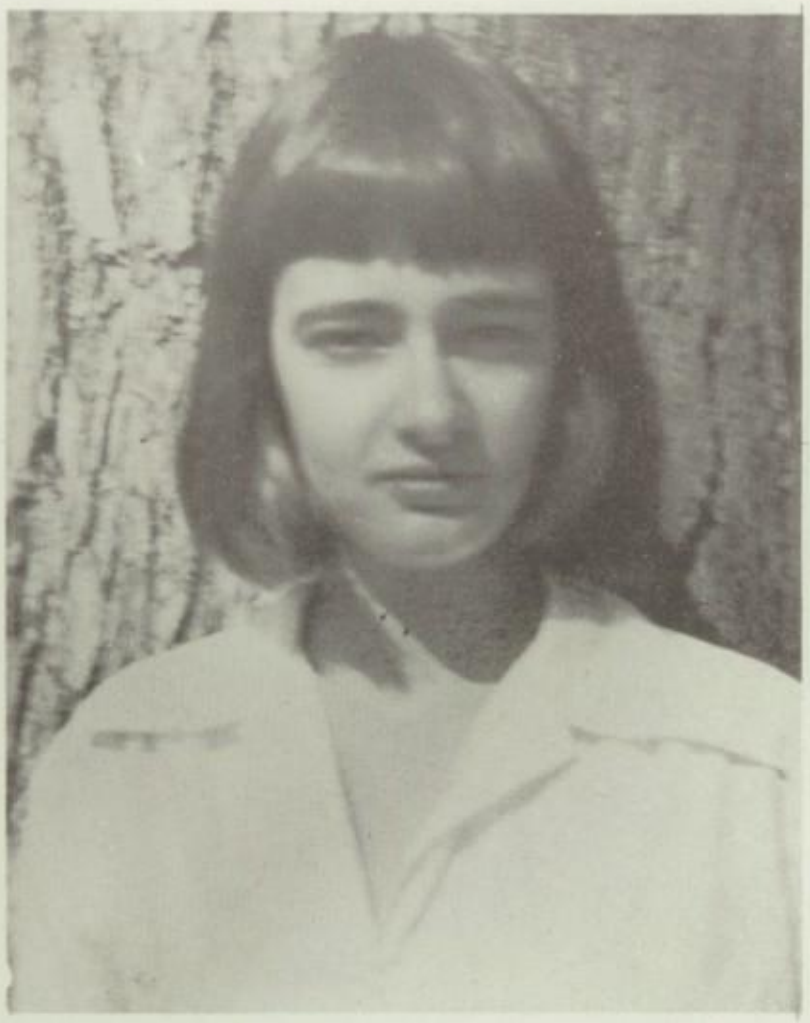
"When the Gods wish to punish us, they answer our prayers."

An Ideal Husband
OSCAR WILDE

STUDENT BODY

"If you were wise you would learn life by inexperience. That is what makes it always unexpected and delightful. Never to realize — that is the true ideal.

Ancedotes



Gillian Adams

"I am always smart! Aren't I, Mr. Worthing? You're quite perfect, Miss Fairfax. Oh! I hope I am not that. It would leave no room for developments, and I intend to develop in many directions."

Importance of Being Earnest

Lillemor Blos

"I am always saying what I shouldn't say. In fact, I usually say what I really think. great mistake now-a-days. It makes one so liable to be misunderstood."

An Ideal Husband

Lois Widen Hastings

"Do tell me your conception of the Ideal Husband."

A Woman of No Importance

Diana Reynolds Hitt

A Poet can survive everything but a misprint."

Children of the Poets

Georgiana Ingersoll Lewis

"An acquaintance that begins with a compliment is sure to develop into a real friendship."

An Ideal Husband

Charles Adam Lord

"He knew the precise psychological moment when to say nothing."

The Picture of Dorian Gray

John B. Moorgat

"Simple pleasures are the last refuge of the complex."

A Woman of No Importance

José Angel Paz

"Experience is the name everyone gives to his mistake."

Lady Windermere's Fan

Anna Gabrielle Peirce

"But I like talking to a brick wall — it's the only thing in the world that never contradicts me."

Lady Windermere's Fan

Vija Peterson

"This woman has purity and innocence. She has everything we men have lost."
Lady Windermere's Fan

Ruth Pauline Schrager

"I have arrived at the age of romance."

Oscar Wilde

Phyllis Ann Tompkins

"I can resist everything except temptation."

Lady Windermere's Fan

Hugo Urdaneta Rubio

"Talk to every woman as if you loved her, and every man as if he bored you, and at the end of your first season you will have the reputation of possessing the perfect social tact."

Lady Windermere's Fan

Grovert Roeland Van Dis

"Duty is what one expects from others — it is not what one does oneself."

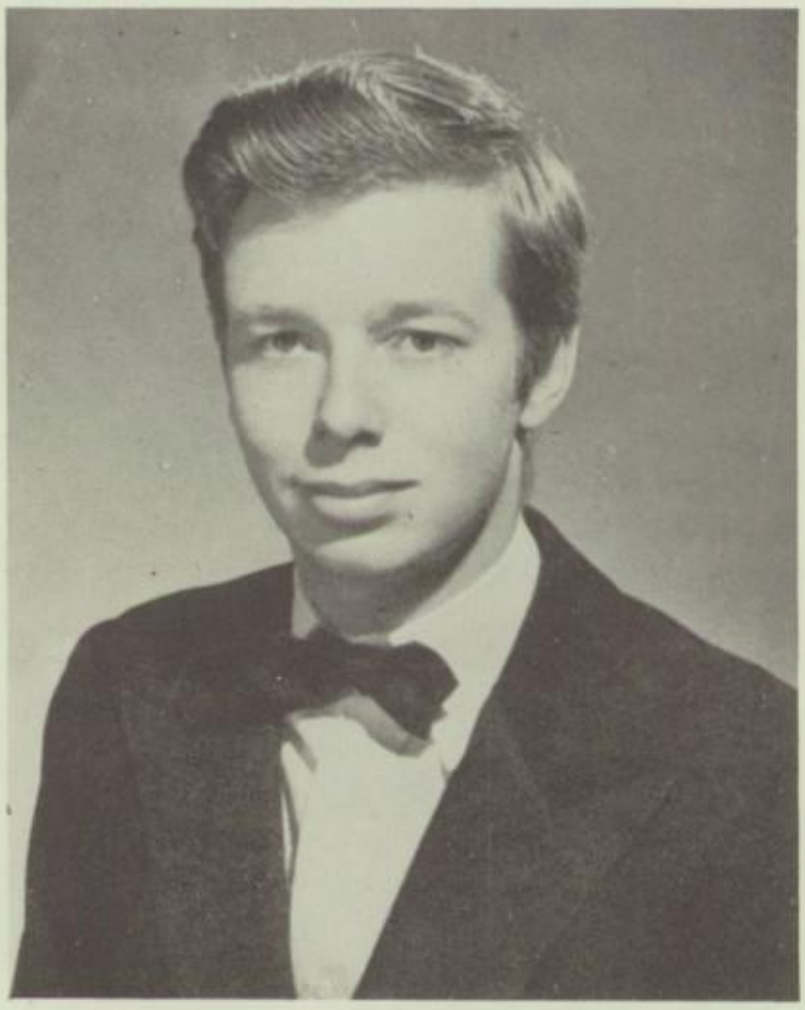
A Woman of No Importance

Gertrud Wenzel

" I must try and remember it all; there are such a number of details that are so very, very important."

A Woman of No Importance

Timothy Wohlforth



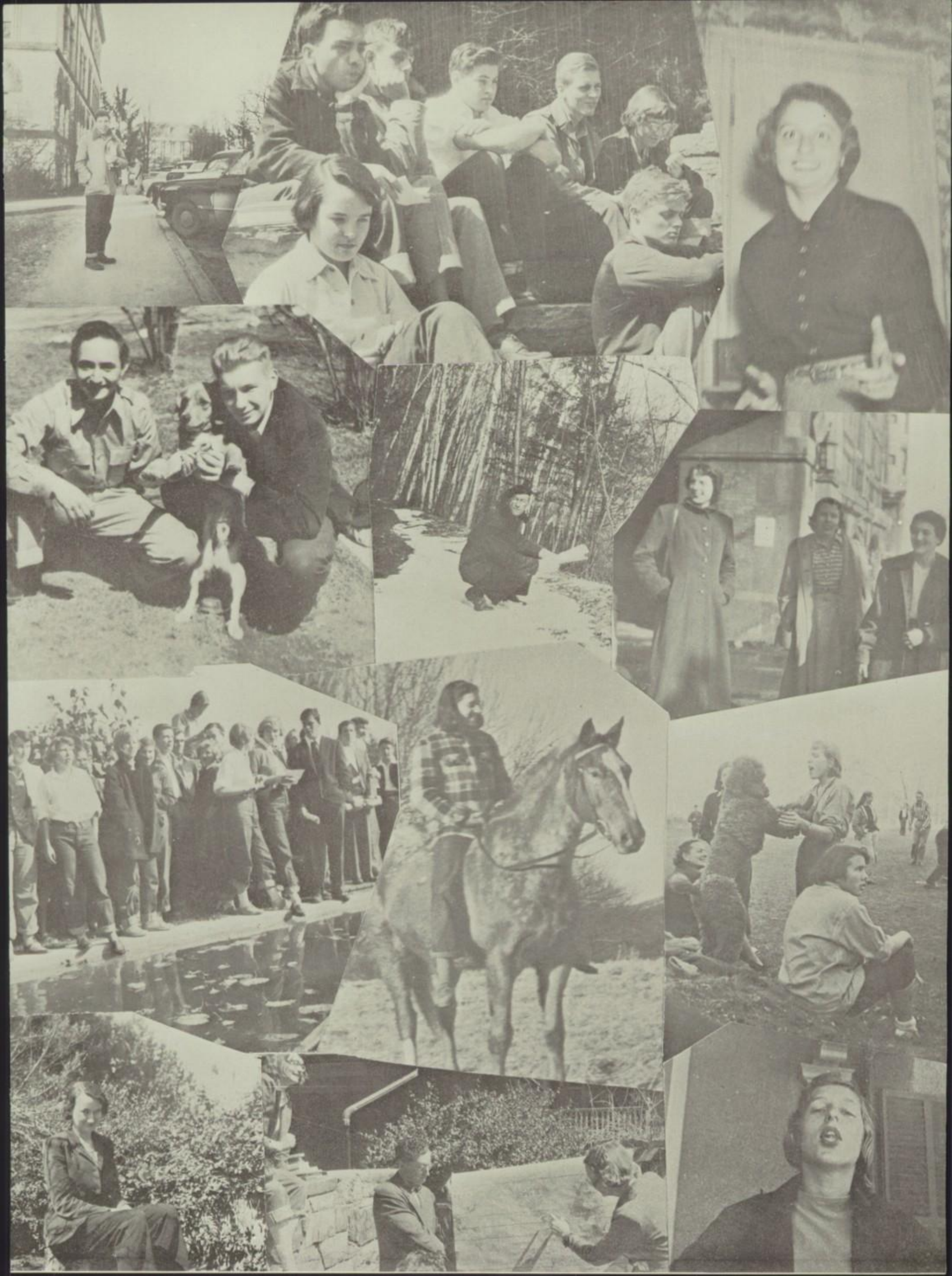
"I think he's sure to be a wonderful success. He thinks like a Tory and talks like a Radical, and that's so important now-a-days. He's such a brilliant talker too."

Lady Windermere's Fan

SENIOR CLASS

"We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars."

Lady Windermere's Fan



GIRLS' SOCCER

The invincible girls' soccer team is still invincible. They have completed their third undefeated season in three years, a record that, not unnaturally, gives us great pride.

Though all the girls played excellently, Alison Dessau as Captain and Judith Holleman as Manager united the girls as a team. It is impossible to give too much credit to Mr. Kochenour and Mr. Pollitt for their coaching of a group of girls who, for the most part, had never played before.

BOYS' SOCCER

The Boys' soccer team was unique in that it was composed of players from four countries, the United States, Costa Rica, Holland, and Venezuela; every boy participated and the team completed the season undefeated. The team's success was greatly aided by the leadership of Captain Fernando Rosich and Jose Paz, who showed us various skills and pointed out our errors.

Our playing manager, Charles Lord, arranged seven games in which we managed to roll up an impressive total of 33 points to our opposition's total of 7 points.

Another unusual happening that pleased the older members was a scrimmage against the physically superior Williams College Freshmen. They beat us 4 to 1 but we certainly have the right to say that we gave out as much bodily contact as we took.

Bill and Koch were well pleased with our record, not only because it was the first undefeated boys' team but also because it was the first time that every boy, without exception, played.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Because of our small team and limited practices the girls' basketball team did not have a very successful season. Our average ran about the same as did that of the Boys' Team. The team was ably captained by Lil Blos with Phyllis Tompkins as manager. As coaches Mr. Pollitt and Mr. Kochenour succeeded in boosting the spirit of the team, when it got low, along with their excellent instruction in the game.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The Boys' Basketball team had a schedule of only five games, due to the play, "Death Takes A Holiday," influenza and inadequate time in which to practice. The team won only one game and dropped four, three of which were lost by the margin of one, two, and three points respectively.

The eight members of this year's team were: Barry Bandler, Steve Shapiro, Govert van Dis, John Cazale, Dick Everett, Fernando Rosich, Playing Manager Pete Stubbins, and Captain Charlie Lord.

Much credit is to be given to Koch and Bill who not only coached the team but relieved the manpower situation during practices. Without their help and that of the girls at practices, the boys would never have been able to work as a team.

Returning players, Barry Bandler, John Cazale, and Steve Shapiro are promising material for next year's team.

SPRING, why do you cover me with your green
silk?
Why do you weave me in your golden nets?
I want to slide away in the cold autumn's fog—
O, let me slumber the autumn's sleep alone.

With rosy fingers you paint your mornings
And in far thunder your nights are lost.
Your blossom slowly downward drops
And more impetuous palpitates the earthly pulse.

You take the new returning swallows
And throw in air like strings of pearls
Much sweeter sound than nightfalls singing,
For you have turned the accords of their harp.

O, you far nights, O, you far mornings!
O, you dream filled young soul,
Why so you wither in your blossom so soon?
You seed corn filled poppy.

Of no avail, you build across the whirling depth,
The beam suspensions to the ancient remoteness.
In vain you try to lift me up to thee,
Your lightness can not bear my heaviness.

Vija Peterson

INCONSISTENCY

COME tremendous change of mood!
Turn tenderness to laughter lewd
(Slow in the snow, slow in the snow
The footsteps plow in aching holes;
Prints in a row, prints in a row)

By a quick glance, under a pause,
Emptiness steals without a cause.
(Gun-metal shy, gun-metal shy,
It claws and scrapes the frozen air;
Soft winds cry, soft winds cry.)

To cover the gap we babble aloud
And love shrieks by with the passing cloud.
(Life is a role, life is a role.
With lines never learned and a prompter deaf;
Another hole, and another hole.)

Diana Hitt

LOVE

LOVE brings no joy to the heart
For it comes and goes like the wind.
Love brings tears to the eyes
As the morning brings dew on the red roses.

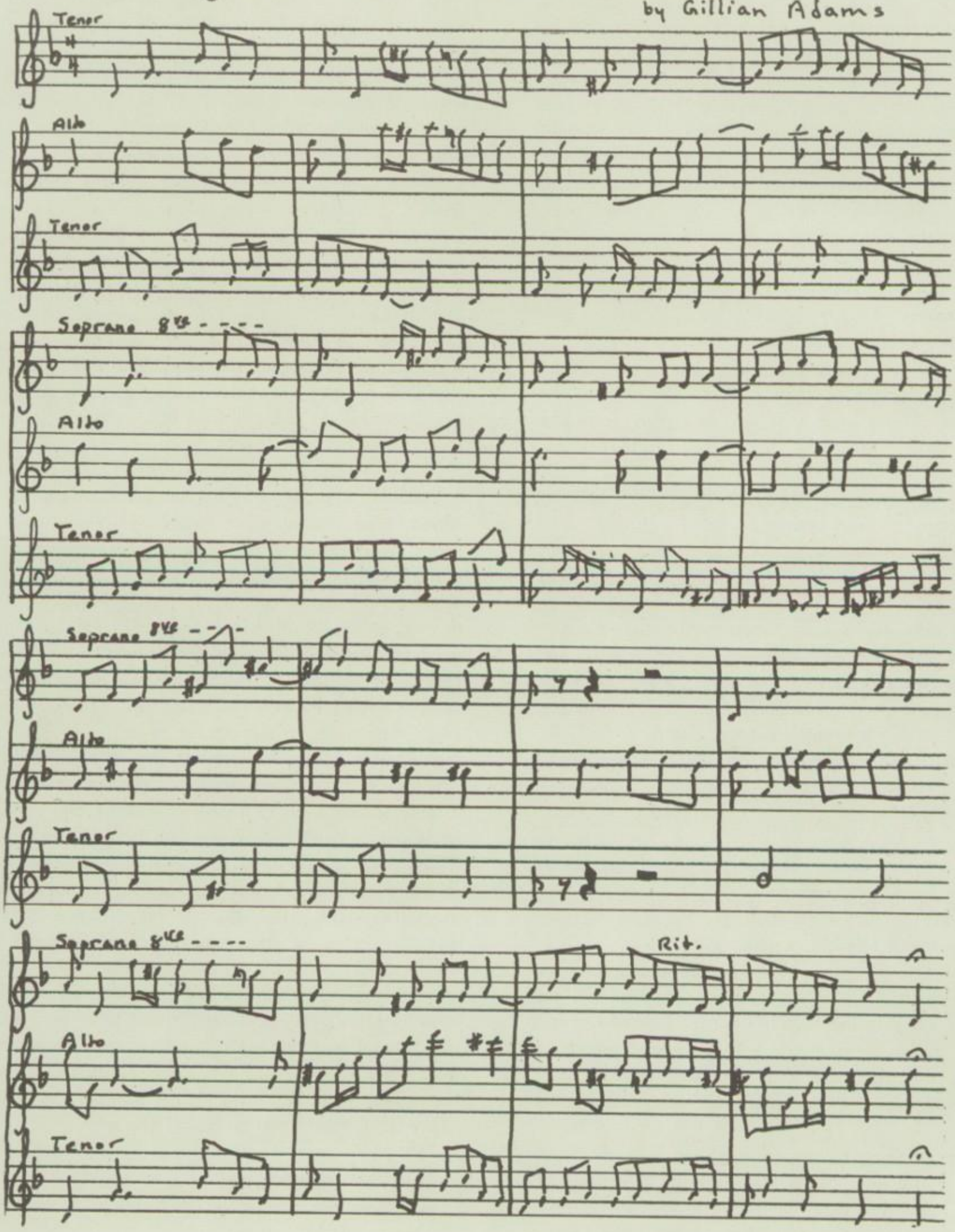
Love is like a rose.
It blooms for a while,
But then it drops its petals
And slowly withers away.

Love brings sadness to the heart.
But if I were not in love,
My heart would be as if dead,
Dead as a corpse in a grave.

Gertud Wenzel

Fughetta for Three Recorders

by Gillian Adams



I FIRST spoke to Katherine when Tommy and I were swimming in a newly discovered cove; salt water in the mouth, salt water in the nose, squashing wet sand . . . the first day of freedom.

It was then we saw her. She was crouched on a rock, her fists tight and small. The incessant wind flattened her hair against her thin head and pressed her dress against the knobby bones of her straight body. Tender, yet sharp, alone with all that mighty water surging and grumbling beneath. She turned with sudden terror, seeing us. We walked over, shaking the water off, and asked her name.

"Katherine," she said, and waited.

"How old are you?"

"Thirteen." Timmy rubbed a smooth-alleyway into the sand with his toes.

"I'm Tommy Reynolds. Oh, my sister Jessie." Katherine nooded quickly. "We come here in the summer. This is our first day this year, Jessie's a year younger than you. She's twelve. I'm fifteen." Katherine watched him gravely.

"Do you come to this beach a lot?" I asked.

"Every day," she said and smiled a little.

"Well, we'll have to be going along. See you sometime." Tommy picked up his towel and we started home.

The next day I came down to the cove by myself to start a shell collection. Every one in our class in the city had to find some project to work on. I was collecting shells. Katherine was squatting on her heels, holding her hand out to a sea gull. The bird came closer and closer. Suddenly it thrust out its wings and skimmed away.

"You frightened him," she said sadly.

"I'm sorry."

"It doesn't matter." She picked herself up, dusting her hands nervously.

"I have to find some shells for my science class," I ventured. I felt like a trespasser.

"The best ones lie under the tide marks. The sea leaves them there when it doesn't want them any more." We dug together in silence. Toward the end of the morning we stopped. My sweater was full of shells; pink and coral and pearl and chalk shells.

"Thank you for showing me. They're lovely," I said.

"They belong to anyone. You can have them the same as the rest." With a swelling of gratefulness I asked her to lunch.

"I don't think it would be possible." She looked at me oddly. "Thank you just the same. I've never been asked before." She lifted her head proudly. "You'll be here tomorrow?" And so our friendship stayed within the beach where we had first met. She never let it go further.

Day after day I would wake in the morning and think of all the things to do in two short months. Yet, I would walk toward the beach . . . and Katherine. Even Tommy came sometimes, but for the most part, he played tennis at the club with his friends. I had friends too, of a sort. At least we said hello every time we met. But, Katherine was the only one I didn't feel shy with. More and more I spent my time with her and the sea she loved. She didn't seem to care if I came or not. She accepted me. Mother asked at the beginning why I spent so much time at the beach. She didn't know about Katherine. Somehow I never thought to tell her. Tommy had other things on his mind, so he forgot too.

Summer went by carrying the sweet sadness that summers are made of at twelve. Katherine and I found many things to do in those weeks. We would build sand castles, digging furiously as the tide came in. To me it was just a game, sobering and deliberate; building, digging, piling, and patting until the sea ended it. To Katherine it was a desperate, terrifying race. Her white face would stiffen until the veins showed and her breath came in great gasps. She dug, struggling for what . . . I shall never know. Often we climbed the rocks on either side of the cove; sharp, cutting, deceitful stones, so easy to slip on. There was a cave under one of the piles, only a hole at the top when the tide was high. When the tides were low, you could let yourself down into the damp, stale-smelling cavern and creep on all fours on the pebbly floor to the entrance. It had a distinct odor of fish, but you could find jewels of all colors among the pebbles. They were only smooth bits of bottles. We had a treasure chest made of an old tin can, and kept them in it to count gleefully. You could drop into the cave from the hole, when the tide was low. Once, Katherine pulled me down with her on a ledge beneath the hole. "How long would you sit here?" she said.

"Why?" I asked.

"The tide is coming in."

"I know. We can't stay much longer."

"No, I don't suppose we can."

"The water would come in and we would be drowned."

"Yes, that's so, isn't it?" I felt nervous the next few times we went there.

She told me many things, strange and beautiful things, but always about the sea. She knew the winds, the tides, the very rumblings of the ocean floor. She knew the clouds and what they meant, why the birds flew inland, and how the currents ran. All these things she taught me, in snatches. But, as the end of August drew near, I had to admit to myself that she was stranger than ever. I began to be afraid of her. In her friendliest moods she sensed it and tried to make up for it in every way, she knew; a bracelet she had made of shells, a wishing stone with a ring around it. But the moods lengthened. She would sit on the rocks for hours without hearing or speaking. Her obsession with the endless waves grew. She told me the wind that blew from the ocean never stopped in her ears.

The last day of August I went down to the beach to say good-bye. We were going back to the city the day after. It was late afternoon when I clambered over the sharp grass on the dunes, so like her, I thought. Katherine was sitting by the hole of the cave — our cave as it had come to be. A mist covered all but a few yards of the glassy, grey sea, yet she was staring into it. The wind blew fretfully, chopping the waves into harsh spurts of crinkling foam. I walked over awkwardly. "We're going tomorrow back to the city." She did not answer. "Katherine," I said loudly. She might at least answer me. She turned her pale face toward me. The eyes were bigger than ever, though they had always seemed large. "Katherine, I've come to say good-bye."

"Good-bye." She said the words slowly, like a child learning to speak. "I'll miss you, but we'll be back next summer."

She took my arm hungrily, her long fingers digging until they hurt.

"Good-bye. Good-bye, Jessie." I stood for a while, then turned away. I felt like crying. Then I started back. She did not notice. At the edge of the dunes, I stopped to wave. She did not wave back.

The next morning I ran to Mother in the midst of my packing. "Have you some paper to wrap shoes with, please?"

She gave me a piece. As I rolled up the sneakers I saw a small column on the side of the page. It was the morning paper. It said that a girl, Katherine Logan, had been found drowned in a cave. She was found by a fisherman collecting his lobster pots. She had evidently slipped on the rocks and fallen through as the tide was coming in. She was dead when he found her. The tide had left her body against a rock. The rocks were dangerous. A warning sign was to be erected to prevent further . . . accidents.

Diana Hitt

TO YOU

WALKING up the hill, the one columned with pines,
Their branches covered by an April snow,
I thought about, oh, millions of things,
But mostly I thought about you.
You whom I remember so well
From the old times, the good times,
Way back when we were young.
In the times when we knew no hate,
When there was only love and happiness.
Yes, there were some sad times too,
The time when Cindy the cat died,
Or when we had to give Ibby away,
But mostly then we were surrounded by joy.
And then THAT happened and we got older;
You changed, and I guess I did too.
You seemed so weighed down by life,
So reserved that I was afraid of you.
You held yourself behind a high wall,
And try as I might I could not get over it.
And then suddenly as the wall went up
It came down and you and I were close again.
As I walk on and look at the pine trees,
I know that their white blanket is like life.
It is just a temporary cover against the world,
And soon it will melt away and the sun
Will shine on the limbs making a bright picture,
And everything will be clear again
As it is between you and me now.

Phyllis Tompkins

THE old house stood still as the darkness began to slip away. The big oaks that surrounded the house did not move their weary limbs. The tall grass did not sway. The mountains smiled but their music could not be heard, because it was muffled by a heavy mist, a mist that was creeping its way over the fields and toward the house.

The door opened, and a small child stepped out in night clothes, with a warm jacket wrapped tightly about him. He stood there for a moment and watched the mist crawl slowly towards him, his dreamy eyes watching it with wonderment. He looked to the sky and saw a small speck of daylight breaking forth. He quickly put on his shoes that were clutched in his strong little hand and raced out into the fields, then up the hill. And as if out of nowhere, a slight breeze stirred the tall blades of grass.

"Faster, faster, faster," it said, as it whispered softly past the boy. A puzzled expression grew over his face.

"How can I go any faster when I am going as fast as I can now?"

Hearing no answer, he went on. When he was almost to the top of the hill, he looked up and there he saw the sun rising over the top. He stopped and looked for a long time at the burning ball of fire. He seemed to hear it laugh, laugh right out loud at him. He put his hands over his ears and closed his eyes, but still he heard it. It was becoming louder. Tears were running down his high cheek-bones and over his thin lips. Opening his watery brown eyes, he found he could not see the sun, for it was hidden by the mist, but he could hear, he could hear that infernal laughter. He put his hands to his forehead and his small fingers wove through his dirty blonde hair.

A large hand rested on his shoulder. He looked up, then bowed his head and mumbled. "The sun beat me. For the first time it won. It reached the top of the hill before I had a chance. Then it laughed at me and laughed and laughed." He looked up at his father and said, "It beat me."

Lil Blos

ON FACULTY MEETINGS

THE door swings open, in we file
Pensive and moody, without a smile.
The faculty sits in the judgement seat,
What are the punishments we must mete
To hear the wrongs the faculty found.
The meeting is closed and Wim begins
To state the (many) students' sins.
Some unknown and pernicious child
Has written, "Wim just drives me wild."
And more, and worse, upon a board.
Poor Wim's heart has been quite gored
By such harsh words and unkind thoughts.
"This uncouth action must be fought.
The precedent's the thing," he said.
"Think of the harm that might be bred."
The talk goes round and round and round,
The naughty culprit can't be found.
"The Student Council", they exclaim,
"They should find the one to blame."

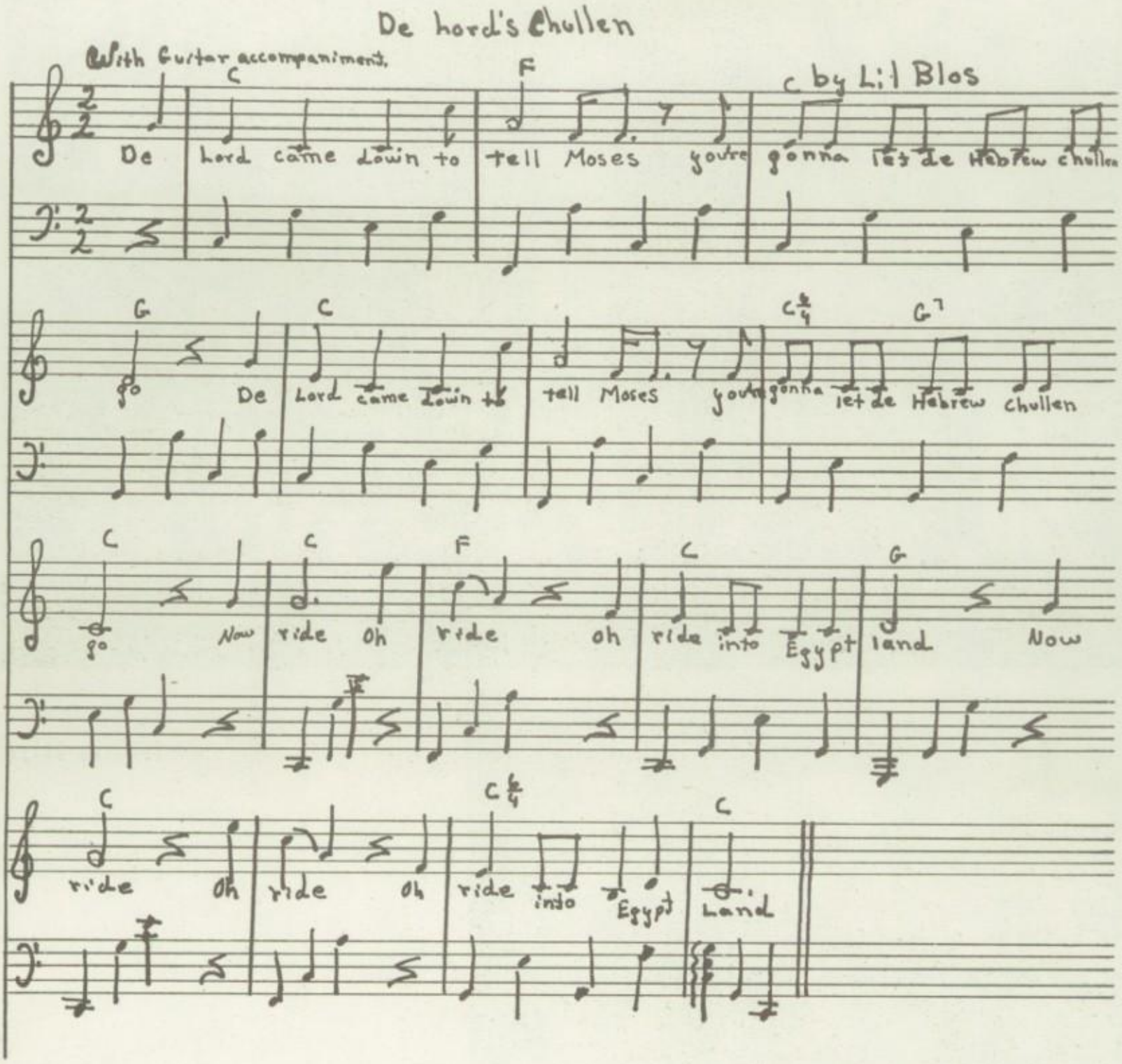
Next case comes up, it seems that Mable
Has scratched her name upon a table.
"She's too neurotic," Mrs. Sangster says,
"To punish in the common ways.
Think of her dreadful broken home,
Think of her sister killed in Nome,
Think of her dog and his itchy fleas,
And all of her little neuroses."
Koch makes his longest speeches on record,
"Perhaps she doesn't feel in accord
With all her friends, and only wrecks,
Because of her inferiority complex."
The students rise to the occasion
And give to Koch a big ovation
For his remarkable astuteness.

Now with her remarkable acuteness
Anne says, "I make a motion that
The Student Council have a chat
Again with her and if that fails
We all know what the deed entails,
THE WOODPILE!" and a dreadful hush
Comes at the thought of chopping brush.
It seems that all do not agree.
Bill says, " I think perhaps that three
Logs might be chopped to give the air
Of making everything quite fair."
The amended motions duly passed
The problems follow, thick and fast.
Poor Mrs. Seymour lists her woe
Which every meeting seems to grow.
"Some one's been in the pantry again,
Broken the window in by main
Force and stolen all the cheese
And ice cream too from the deep freeze.
The culprits must be found and punished
Or else in the future we'll be famished."
Angelic expressions all appear
Mingled with suppressed fear
Upon the Student Council's faces.
All these ordinary cases
For the strangely worried members.
No one knows, or even remembers
Who could have done this dreadful thing.
At last the bell is heard to ring,
The motion rises to depart,
Which people do with a light heart.

Gillian

Diana Hitt

Vija Peterson


De hord's Chullen
With Guitar accompaniment.
c by Lil Blos
De Lord came down to tell Moses you're gonna let de Hebrew chullen
go De Lord came down to tell Moses you're gonna let de Hebrew chullen
go Now ride oh ride oh ride into Egypt land Now
ride oh ride oh ride into Egypt Land

JUNE NINTH

THESE friends have all served well.
I've known them short but happily
Until the quickening measures of time
Cut short the bond and the impending
Cleavage is fulfilled.
The restless forward march
Never halts for brief rememberances.
It's easy to uphold your heart
And contradict your head
By oft repeated declarations.
This briefness is common
To all pleasures, physical or mental
And illustrates the simplicity of life.
For each of us there is that touch
That proves all this worthwhile.
For me, it is the briefness for the lesser things
While deeper values carry to infinity.

Georgiana Lewis

50¢ COVERS ALL CHARGES

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY

The students of Buxton School, under the direction of Mrs. Frank Sangster presented the play "Death Takes A Holiday" by Alberto Casella.

The play was given in Williamstown, Quebec High School and Pittsfield. The aim in giving the play in Canada was to create friendly feelings among our Canadian neighbors and to give the students a visit to the old French city, Quebec.

Top honors went to Vija Peterson as *Grazia,* Julien Powers as *Death,* and William Horwitt as *Baron Cesarea.*

The other players were:

Cora .....Genna Lewis
Fidelia .....Ruth Schrager
Duke Lambert .....Timothy Wohlforth
Alda .....Mary Lathrop
Duchess Stephanie .....Gertrud Wenzel
Princess of San Luca .....Lil Blos
Rhoda Fenton .....Phyllis Tompkins
Major Whitred .....Charles Lord
Eric Fenton .....Govert Van Dis

TOVARICH

"Tovarich" by Jacques Deval, adapted from the French by Robert E. Sherwood was given in May. Jane Flory directed the laudable efforts of the cast, with Anna Peirce as stage manager. *Tatiana* and *Mikail* were played by Diana Hitt and Steven Shapiro respectively. The rest of the cast read as follows:

Olga .....Mary Lathrop
Chauffourier .....William Horwitt
Martella .....Betty Schulman
Fernande .....Gillian Adams
Charles .....John Moortgat
Louise .....Thelma Adelman
George .....John Cazale
Helene .....Alison Dessau
Concierge .....Oscar Romero
Madame van Hemert .....Anna Peirce
Madame Chauffourier .....Annot Matthew
Gorotchenko .....Fernando Rosich

QUEBEC TRIP

Quebec was the objective of the school's annual trip. The previous summer Mrs. Sangster went to Quebec and reserved a hotel for the school, just behind the Chateau Frontenac. M. Jobidon, *Proprietor au Jardin du Gouvenour* was friendly and helpful. It was with his help that we found small, unknown restaurants, French movies and the vaudeville.

When we gave our play, we met the students of the English High School. From this meeting, stemmed a party for us at the Y.M.C.A. where we really got to know the English boys and girls of Quebec.

The night before we left for Williamstown, M. Jobidon gave us a party. The Quebec students were invited and M. Jobidon furnished a pianist and a fiddler.

The trip was not without unusual events. In the course of it, nine students and two teachers came down with the flu. Several persons had to be left behind until they were well enough to travel. Although we ran into complications and things went wrong, everyone will remember the Quebec trip as the most interesting and best of them all.

GRADUATION

"There is no sin except stupidity."

The Critic as Artist

PATRONS

Mr. Frederick B. Adams, Jr.

Dr. and Mrs. Peter Blos

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Carrothers

Mr. and Mrs John Cazale

Mr. and Mrs. John Dallet

Mr. and Mrs. C. Hallowell Duel

Mrs. Winthrop S. Emmet

Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Everett

Mr. Robert R. Hitt

Mrs. James H. Legate

Mr. and Mrs John H. Matthews

Miss Dorothy May

Mr. and Mrs. Hampton J. Nevius

The Peirces

Mrs. Margaret J. Powers

Mrs. Lilla van Saher

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Schrager

Dr. and Mrs. Harold S. Shulman

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"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" by Arthur Wing Pinero	Dec. 13, 14, 15, 1951
"Pygmalion" by George Bernard Shaw	Feb. 21, 22, 23, 1952
"Henry IV" by Pirandello	Mar. 26, 27, 28, 1952
"Awake and Sing" by Odets	May 2, 3, 4, or 8, 9, 10, 1952

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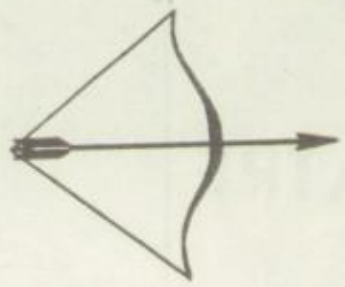

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